

INVESTIGATION REPORT  
MAJOR CASE

Johnson County

JURISDICTION

Lead #11

DATE OF REPORT	OFFICER	OFFICER'S AGENCY	REPORT CLASSIFICATION
2-19-84	Scott/Walker	MPD	

TITLE OF CASE (INCLUDE ALIASES)

William E. Prewitt

DETAILS (REPORT ALL FACTS IN LOGICAL SEQUENCE)

At about 2:50 p.m. this date above officers contacted Paul Martin Kluz, w/m, dob 09/08/48 aka Chip. We contacted Mr. Kluz at his home, 1017 Rawlins Road.

Mr. Kluz stated he had known the victim and the victim's wife for about 4 or 5 years. At no time did he ever know of the victim fighting with victim's wife. Kluz stated he had heard on the street that Patty Prewitt and John Hancock Jr, might have been seeing each other. This was the first time he ever heard this, which was 02/18/84 somewhere on the street, but don't remember who stated this to him.

We ask Kluz about the victim's money problems. Kluz stated he knew the victim has problems but didn't know how much.

Kluz and his wife would party with the victim and his wife some but stated the victim and victim's wife were a great couple.

Kluz stated he knew the victim wasn't a gun nut and didn't know if victim even had a gun. Also he didn't know if Patty knew anything about guns.

Frank Walker

Robert Scott

REPORT APPROVED BY:

INVESTIGATION REPORT  
MAJOR CASE

Johnson County

Lead # 23

JURISDICTION

DATE OF REPORT	OFFICERS	OFFICER'S AGENCY	REPORT CLASSIFICATION
2-14-84	Carroll/Jefferson	CMSU/MSHP	

TITLE OF CASE (INCLUDE ALIASES)

William E. Prewitt

DETAILS (REPORT ALL FACTS IN LOGICAL SEQUENCE)

At approximately 4:10 p.m. contact was made with a Harmon Randolph McKnight, w/m, age 31, of 806 S. Main, Holden, MO, 732-4828, at the Holden City Hall. Mr. McKnight stated that he had worked for the Prewitts for nearly two years until he was laid off, possibly due to financial problems. He related the entire time he worked for them (Wm and Patty Prewitt) they seemed to be having financial problems and were having a difficult time staying out of the "red". McKnight said at times that they would quarrel loud enough to be heard by any customers that might happen into the store to make purchases or just look around, and the conversations and quarrels would be about money and the business.

Mr. McKnight said that Mrs. Prewitt would go to Kansas City and pickup light loads for the company in their (Prewitt) pickup truck... the major suppliers were Georgia/Pacific and ADE (or Wholesale Lumber) both in KCMO. He said Mrs. Prewitt would at times go to Kansas City to see a chiropractor name unknown, about every six months or so, and approx. a year ago Jerri Austin and Mrs. Prewitt stopped going to Kansas City but prior to then, they would take hobby crafts that were made by a Patty Gustin and themselves. They apparently stopped making the trips to the hobby show since they would lose out.

McKnight related that William Prewitt (victim) had overheard rumors that his wife, Patricia Prewitt, had been having an affair with John Hancock, J. This was approximately 4 or 5 years ago. A conversation that McKnight overheard at the lumber company between Jerri Austin, Patricia Prewitt and

REPORT APPROVED BY: \_\_\_\_\_

## MAJOR CASE

## CONTINUATION REPORT

Date

~~2-10-84~~

Lead #

23

the victim was to the effect: Jerri Austin said that if Patty didn't watch her step her name would be in the gossip column and the victim had said he would make sure he was the one that got it into the gossip column.

McKnight said he knew that Jerri and Paul Austin, Jack and Mary O'Roarke and some other couples were good friends and went to parties together but he and his wife would only go out with the Prewitt's occasionally while he was an employee but not so much after he was laid off work at their business.

# Exhibit H

BEST AVAILABLE COPY

pgs. 10, 15-17

Kansas City Star Magazine 1/24/88

# A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

Debbie Jenness was dead and now her husband was accused. Was he guilty? Or was he a victim, too? BY BILL NORTON.

**G**azing at the young woman stretched flat in front of him, Dr. James Bridgens confined his comments to the clinical: well-nourished, well-developed, about 67 inches long, maybe 130 pounds. And dead.

The examination, routine to Bridgens, a pathologist with 39 years of experience and 10,000 such examinations behind him, revealed only two unusual marks on the body; that of Deborah Jenness, age 32. One was a purpling and swelling around her left eye, what laymen might call a black eye. The other appeared to be a scratch or a scrape on the left side of her neck under her chin.

Internally, Bridgens noted, small vessels on the surface of her heart and lungs had broken, hemorrhages that appear when someone suffers a severe loss of oxygen. Inside her throat he discovered what he would say caused Debbie's death: dark spots in the usually pinkish-white tissues of the voicebox and attached muscles.

These hemorrhages, Bridgens decided, meant she'd been choked, strangled. The police in Lee's Summit, where Debbie Jenness lived, needed to be notified.

"I called them and told them we were dealing with a homicide," he would say later. "Thrilled them no end."

**L**ast February, on the day before she died, Deborah Jenness sat with her husband, Doug, in the kitchen of their split-level home in a subdivision of curved streets and cul de sacs, and said that if he went ahead with plans to start his own business, maybe they ought to separate. The decision wasn't sudden. Friends say she'd been talking about it for weeks.

In the 11 1/2 years of their marriage, the only time Debbie had taken time from work was to have her babies, Brandon in April 1979, and Tara in April 1981. Five days a week she'd be up by 5 a.m., at work by 5:30 a.m. in a medical laboratory where she was a technologist and on the phone at 7 a.m. to awaken Doug so he could dress the children, drop their son off at school and their daughter at a day-care center. When asked, she'd work overtime without question or complaint.

Debbie preferred to go to work early so she could leave early to assume her other role as mother and

wife. When she wasn't working, she was cooking and cleaning. Her house was immaculate. When she couldn't keep up, her mother's housekeeper would come in.

In 1984, Debbie's earnings reached about \$18,200. Doug, then an installer of solar heating, made about \$18,400. The next year Debbie's wages rose but Doug reported only \$8,200 in earnings. In September 1985, they took a second mortgage on their home for \$16,000. In five months, they had \$1,100 of that left.

Debbie, says a friend, was like anyone else in that she wanted to have everything, if everything meant a house larger than their split-level, a new rather than used car and freedom from bills.

Doug certainly was not like Debbie's father, who, it was said, worked so hard selling insurance that he never had time to enjoy the fruits of his labor.

Doug badly wanted to be somebody, said one of his friends. Work just wasn't how he wanted to get that way. A friend called him a hard-luck guy when it came to jobs and losing them. He's been a meter reader, tree trimmer, remodeler, construction supervisor, heating and air-conditioning man and solar-heating installer.

He'd lost his job as a meter reader when it was discovered that he made his rounds and then went home to nap rather than back to the office for more assignments. One business he worked for went bankrupt. The times he'd try to do remodeling on his own, Debbie urged him to take a job for the steady paycheck.

Other people might tear out their hair in frustration. Not Doug. He'd say things like, "I will find something. It will work out."

"All I've ever wanted to be is a nice guy," he says. He succeeded in the eyes of some. His fellows elected him president of the Lee's Summit Jaycees for 1985.

Among men who knew Doug, some found him easy to talk to, even about personal things. Women found him friendly. More than a few detected a flirt. Even Doug admits being that.

"He loved his wife," a friend would say, "but he liked to fool around a little."

On Monday, Feb. 3, of last year, Debbie Jenness left work about 1:30 p.m., a half hour earlier than usual. By 2:15 she was at her hairdresser's.

If Debbie was upset about something, the woman who'd done her hair for 12 years told authorities,

she would seek her advice. "Debbie would say things like 'Doug wants me to sell the house. What do you think?' She didn't complain," the hairdresser explained later.

That Monday Deb had come in to have her Dorothy-Hamill-style wedge cut washed, cut and blown dry, a procedure that might take 45 minutes.

It was like she was a reading going home, says the hairdresser. Debbie and Doug hadn't seen each other since Thursday evening, when Doug had left for a ski trip in Colorado. The trip had been a bone of contention. He'd spent money they didn't have. At work Monday, Debbie talked to Doug several times on the phone. She told him they needed to talk about their future. That same day she told a co-worker she was thinking of leaving him.

That afternoon, the hairdresser told police, "She said she was going home to have it out with him."

"It wasn't yelling or fighting," Doug would say in a later interview. "It was basically matter-of-fact. What she told me was, 'You'd probably be very good at having your own business. I just don't know if I could handle it.'"

"She didn't really care what I did. She just wanted the money there for the bills."

Two years before, Doug and Debbie had separated for about three weeks. The main problem then was money.

"The problems we were having weren't big. We still enjoyed each other."

Friends who called her that evening would tell police later that the Debbie they talked to sounded down, somber. There were reasons other than the marriage. Just two weeks before, Debbie's father had died of cancer. In the last few weeks of his life, she'd made nightly visits to the hospital.

The last evening of Debbie's life, she and Doug and the children had gone to visit her mother, Bonita Reed. Doug had spent most of the evening in the living room watching television.

The Jennesses returned home before 9 p.m., bathed the children and put them to bed. Doug fell asleep in Brandon's bed. Debbie's sister Michele called. Debbie was upset that her father had died without a will and that his estate would have to be settled in court. Michele apparently was the last to hear the voice of Debbie Jenness.

**O**ne Sunday in November, 1985, Doug would say later, he'd been awakened in bed by the sensation of someone kicking. At first he'd thought it was his daughter, Tara, who occasionally slept with them. But it had been Debbie. Her eyes had rolled back in her head, foam had gathered around her mouth and her teeth were clenched so tightly he couldn't pry them open.

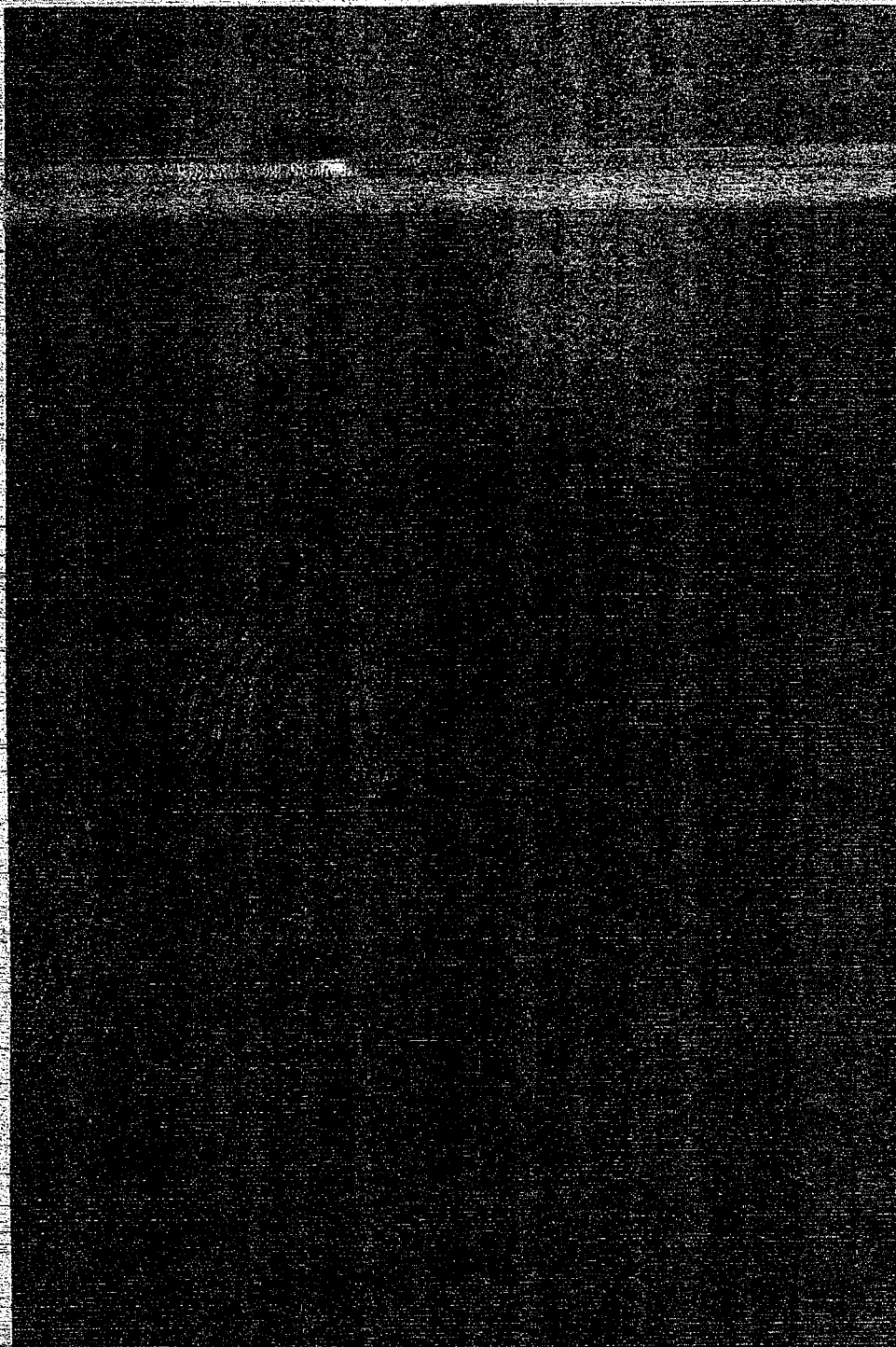
"It was the scariest thing I've ever seen," Doug would say.

He called for an ambulance. In a minute, the seizure ended. Debbie awoke at the touch of a paramedic, sat straight up and asked what was going on. The paramedic would say later that that normally doesn't happen with a seizure victim.

Her head ached and she couldn't recall what had happened that morning or much of the day before, both characteristics of seizures.

Neither an electroencephalogram nor a CAT scan, performed at the Medical Center of Independence, showed any brain disorder such as epilepsy. Dr. A.J. Rhodes, a neurologist who examined her, thought she may have had a metabolic seizure brought on by fatigue, probably the result of working full days and spending every evening with her father as he was dying. To be safe, he started her on Dilantin, a drug

continued after pullout



that suppresses seizures. After three days in the hospital, Debbie went home.

Co-workers began to notice Debbie's moods swing, one day laughing, the next day crying. They blamed the medication. She complained to her boss that she didn't feel as quick mentally.

The medicine bothered her. She stopped taking it. When her seizure returned, she was alone. She performed after her death detected only minute amounts of the drug, leading to the suspicion that she was not taking that medicine as prescribed either.

**T**uesday, Feb. 4, about the time her alarm was to go off, Debbie died.

Paramedics arrived at 6:08 a.m., seven minutes after Doug had called 911 saying his wife had had a heart attack or something and was not breathing. The first police officers to arrive found her on her back on the floor of the master bedroom, her head pointing toward the foot of the bed.

Paramedics couldn't get a pulse. They pushed a tube down her throat and forced air through it to simulate breathing. They injected her with life-stimulating drugs but the heart monitor registered little more than a straight line.

"Is Mommy dead?" one of the children asked. The answer, had anyone had time to speak, would have been yes.

But why? She was just 32; she appeared healthy. Among the police officers, paramedics, doctor and nurses who had seen her, not one noticed a mark on her. No signs of violence. No bruises. No black eye.

Police who'd been in the home, in the master bedroom, didn't detect any signs of a fight. The bedcovers were rolled back as if she'd just gotten out of bed.

The only clue as to how she died lay in Doug's retelling of the seizure about three months before. He'd even given police a bottle of her medication.

An emergency room physician called her neurologist, who didn't think it likely she had died from a seizure. They agreed an autopsy should be performed. Doug, too, agreed.

Dr. Bonita Peterson, the Jackson County medical examiner, was out of town, so authorities called Bridgens, who does consulting work for the medical examiner's office.

Before the autopsy was done, Debbie's family consented to donate her eyes. The man who arrived at mid-morning to remove them remembered admiring her complexion. It appeared free of any marks.

No one had any reason to suspect a crime had been committed until Bridgens noticed the discolored eye, which he would say showed she'd been struck, and the hemorrhages in and around the larynx and esophagus in her throat.

He didn't talk with any of her doctors, even though he'd heard she had a history of seizures. He didn't do any tests to uncover or rule out any other possible causes of death, a drug overdose or poisoning, for example, or for the presence of any brain disorder such as epilepsy.

He apparently ruled out or didn't consider that the bruises inside her throat could have been caused by the tube paramedics inserted to try to save her life. He declined a request to talk for the record about his findings.

When police began investigating, they heard differing stories from people who had talked to Jenness about how he'd found his wife that morning.

None of the first police officers at the house reported hearing Doug say he'd found Debbie anywhere but on her back on the bedroom floor. A

**"It's like you've been hit in the face every day for two years," says Doug Jenness of his ordeal. "Now that it has stopped you're grateful. But that doesn't mean it has stopped hurting."**

Photographs by Joe Ledford

## DEATH

relative in North Carolina remembers Doug calling that morning and saying he'd heard Debbie call his name, then collapse in a hallway. The same relative told authorities he later remembered Doug saying she had been strangled.

A couple who brought Doug a casserole that evening later would tell police that Doug had told them Debbie apparently had a seizure while asleep and rolled off the bed. While falling, her head became wedged between the bed and a night stand, where she strangled. They remembered him using that word—strangled.

Later on the day he found her, Doug took two friends to the bedroom and demonstrated where Debbie had been found. Her legs were on the floor, her torso was twisted sideways and suspended because her head was jammed face-up in this space maybe four to five inches wide.

When authorities finally talked with Jenness, he told them what he'd told his friends about the way Debbie had been found. He said he'd pulled her free, tried to put her on the bed, then placed her on the floor.

Police did not hear Jenness' version until the day after Debbie's death. By then they'd received Bridgens' report, a fact they didn't tell Jenness until long after he'd voluntarily answered their questions.

Jenness freely admitted that he and Debbie had talked about separating, "day before yesterday, as a matter of fact," he'd said. He said they'd had financial problems, that he wanted to start a business and that Debbie had been against it. Police noted Jenness saying that they were sleeping apart because of the strains on their marriage.

Then police told him that the autopsy showed his wife had been murdered. Jenness began crying. One detective told him he was overreacting. They asked if they could take pictures inside the house and he said yes. They asked if he'd take a polygraph and he said yes.

When police called Bridgens with Jenness' disclosures about how his wife had been trapped, the pathologist said that story wasn't consistent with his findings of homicide.

It didn't take Jenness long to sense who police had decided was the killer. The night of visitation at the funeral home, as one of his friends walked through a receiving line, Doug pulled the man close with a hug and whispered in his ear that the police suspected him of murdering his wife.

He'd been staying at his mother-in-law's but the tension grew such that he was asked to leave.

As suspicion mounted, Doug called on a neighbor who is a police officer and invited him over to re-enact how he'd found Debbie. When he wasn't looking one day, his sister-in-law slipped into the bedroom and tried to wedge her own head between the bed and the night stand. She told police she couldn't.

Doug began complaining that the investigation was ruining his reputation and predicted that when this ended, he would know who his real friends were. He'd stopped counting his pastor among them. Not long after Debbie died, the minister told Doug that if he were having any guilt about something he'd done, he ought to talk to his pastor and to the police. Doug wonders if the reverend was working for the Lord or the law.

About a week after Debbie died, Doug called a family friend and asked what people were saying

**Dr. Thomas Fritzen wouldn't even say that the hemorrhages had been caused by strangulation. "I think an equal or perhaps even a better case can be made for injury induced by endotracheal tube during resuscitation."**

about him.

"I told him that there were a lot of people who thought he murdered Debbie," the woman would tell police later. He called distant relatives of Debbie's. "We don't like you very much right now," he was told.

"On Feb. 18, Doug took a lie detector test. To each question—did he poison his wife or drug her, did he strangle her, was he concealing his role in the death or that of someone else, was he lying or not telling everything—Doug answered "no."

"It is the polygraphist's opinion that Mr. Jenness was telling the truth to the above listed questions and that Mr. Jenness did not kill his wife," reported Merle Buesing, who conducted the test. Buesing used to administer tests for the Missouri Highway Patrol.

Through the rest of February and into March Lee's Summit police pulled credit reports, examined loan applications, interviewed friends and relatives of both Doug and Debbie and assembled a file that, while impressive in its thickness and detail, didn't tell them much more than Doug had told them himself. Money problems were splitting the marriage.

To police, Debbie's death occurring less than 12 hours after she and Doug had talked of divorce was more than coincidence. If it was murder, was it premeditated? If so, what was the motive? Insurance money? There was none. Another woman? None that they could find.

The best they could do was to suggest that Doug feared divorce because he would lose custody of the children he loved and would be forced to pay child support, which he couldn't afford because he

couldn't hold a job.

If Debbie's death hadn't been planned, then had he killed her in a fight? Police hadn't found any signs of that.

What they had were Bridgens' conclusions and evidence of a shaky marriage. They had a memo of a follow-up telephone call to an assistant prosecutor.

"He felt that Dr. Bridgens was proper in his conclusions that Deborah Jenness died as a result of asphyxiation, but that he felt Dr. Bridgens had gone too far by stating that she died as a result of strangulation," (Mark Komoroski, the assistant prosecutor contacted by police, says that, contrary to the memo, he never faulted Bridgens' findings to police. They must have been reading between the lines, he says.)

The detective's memo concluded by saying that the prosecutor's office was looking for someone to review Bridgens' findings. In April and May, evidence and reports were sent to Dr. William Eckert, a forensic pathologist in Wichita.

About this time, Doug gave police new reason to suspect he may have killed his wife. About two months after Debbie was buried, he began seeing a young woman named Debbie Shane. They'd met at a National Video store where he'd gone to work at the end of February. She worked there, too.

Her husband was dying. His wife had just died. "I knew what she was going through," Doug says now. Condolence evolved into romance. They would be faulted for not observing a long enough period of mourning. Because of that, Doug says, "I think our relationship has been accelerated. It's kind of Debbie and I against the world."

Dr. Eckert wrote back in June. "In my opinion, there is not enough evidence . . . to classify this case as a homicide.

"The death could well have been due to complications of a seizure but I would have classified it as undetermined and hope that further investigation might reveal further clues to the true solution of this case."

Prosecutors faced another problem with Bridgens: attacks on his credibility. In April in the highly publicized murder trial in Johnson County, Kansas, of Tammy James, accused of killing her newborn child, a judge had taken the stand and criticized Bridgens for "fashioning ultimate conclusions about death itself and not concerning himself to medical causation." In 1982 Bridgens had lost his position as special deputy coroner in Johnson County amid controversy that followed his ruling that a local politician committed suicide when his car was struck by a train.

During Tammy James' trial, two other experts disputed Bridgens' conclusions that Miss James had strangled her baby. They said Bridgens had been too hasty in his findings, had not ruled out other possibilities and, by neglecting to contact a physician who attended the young woman after the birth, had ignored the possibilities of other complications in the delivery.

Further problems with Bridgens' conclusions arose this year when it became known that he'd reconstructed the death of a young woman in Cass County and determined she was shot in the head by someone standing about four feet behind her. Three other pathologists later would testify that the bullet that killed the young woman was fired from the front with the muzzle in or near her mouth.

The prosecutor's office decided to try another pathologist. This time they sent files, photos and



Debbie's larynx to Charles Petty of the Southwest Institute for Forensic Science in Dallas. John O'Connor, the assistant prosecutor then handling the case, told police that if Petty agreed with Bridgens, he'd present the evidence to a grand jury. If not, he'd see the case go to trial.

he had seen marks of bruising inside the larynx and along some attached muscles, which to him indicated Debbie had been strangled. He later would speculate that something other than hands had been used to kill her, perhaps one of three pillows on the bed or a cushion. That would help explain why there were no marks on the outside of the neck.

On Sept. 11, as he was driving to work, Doug Jenness was startled to see a police squad car racing at him head on. The reflections of two more police cars filled his rearview mirror. He swerved into a ditch to avoid a collision, and there police arrested him for killing his wife. Not long after that, Doug heard a news report stating that he'd eluded police for a year. Eluded? He'd never left town.

Police searching his car discovered two letters from a woman named Kim.

"There's no one capable of keeping me warm—like I know you could!" read one, which began "Douglas dear." The letter was dated Jan. 27, just a week before Debbie died. Police thought they'd found their motive.

Police later would learn that Doug and Kim had met by chance in a motel bar in Evansville, Ind. She was training for work with an airline and he was there on business. Their romance lasted several nights. At first Doug wouldn't give her his address, wouldn't even tell her if he was married or had a girlfriend. He did send her a picture and provided an address through the Chamber of Commerce.

The second letter indicated he'd brushed her off with no explanation. It was written the end of February.

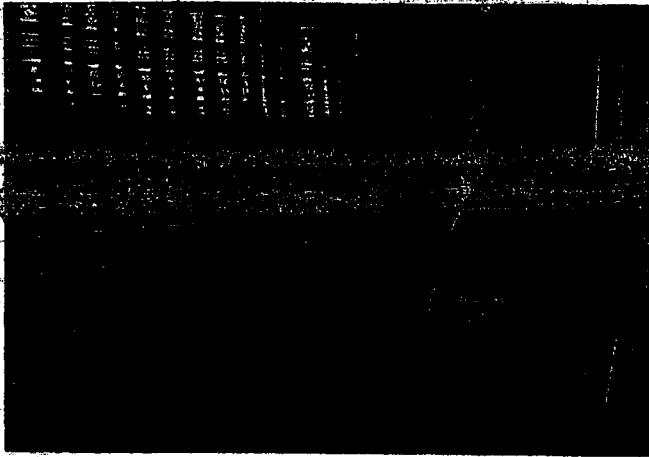
When police arrested him, Doug and his two children were living with Debbie Shane and her two children in Doug's house. Doug and Debbie were planning to marry. Her husband had died in April.

In August and September police re-interviewed some of their witnesses. A slightly different, harsher, more manipulative picture of Doug Jenness emerged. It is hard to say if it was accurate or distorted by questioning colored by the implication that Doug Jenness was a killer.

A doctor at the emergency room now said he thought Jenness had grieved a little too loudly when told that Debbie couldn't be saved. Debbie's sister Michele now remembered seeing Doug clutch his wife's head to his chest and appear to be crying. She would suspect that he was trying to hide the black eye she had heard about. She hadn't mentioned it before, but Doug had collapsed on the hospital floor and begun beating it with his fists. She now suspected it was as hot. As she remembered it, she didn't notice any tears in his eyes.

One patrolman didn't make note of it at the time, but he recalled eight months later that when he saw Debbie lying on the floor of the bedroom, he thought she appeared to have been prepared. Her hair was neatly arranged and her nightshirt had been tugged wrinkle-free to the tops of her thighs.

Another officer would state that Doug Jenness seemed very cool and not at all upset in the living room of his home while paramedics worked on his wife upstairs.



**"When we finally see what Dr. Davis says about the quality of the workmanship of Dr. Bridgens, that ought to be bothersome to Jackson County, to the people who pay his salary," says Gerald Handley, Jenness' attorney.**

In preparing a defense, Gerald Handley and Tom Walsh, Jenness' attorneys, consulted two other pathologists in Kansas City: Dr. Thomas Fritzen and Dr. Angelo Lapi, both of whom work through St. Mary's Hospital and both of whom have served as consultants or assistants in local medical-examiner offices.

Fritzen would examine what Bridgens and Petty had reviewed and, while not ruling out strangulation as a possible cause, would say that it was only one of several possibilities. Bridgens had not gone far enough to rule out any other causes. For example, no complete drug screen was done. Nor was there any analysis of brain tissue for any signs of disease.

Fritzen wouldn't even say that the supposedly lethal hemorrhages were caused by any form of strangulation. "I think an equal or perhaps even a better case can be made for injury induced by endotracheal tube during emergency resuscitation efforts that were performed on her."

Lapi concurred with Fritzen that Bridgens may have misread the cause of the hemorrhages.

Trial was set for the fall of 1987, and the central issue—that there was even a murder—appeared in doubt.

"We basically had two pathologists saying one thing and two pathologists saying another," says John O'Connor. "I felt I wanted someone else to look at these circumstances."

Jenness' lawyers agreed.

All the pathologists agreed on one item: that Dr. Joseph Davis, medical examiner in Dade County, Florida, should be the arbiter. He had the added benefit of just having participated in a study of

injuries caused by resuscitation techniques.

O'Connor gambled that Davis, who is said to have a reputation as a prosecutor's medical examiner, would find in Bridgens' favor and negate any possible defense. Instead, Davis ripped through Bridgens' defense.

In his review of Debbie's medical records, which Bridgens had not seen before he made his ruling, Davis became satisfied that Debbie Jenness "was potentially liable to seizure activity."

The black eye Bridgens said he had seen and attributed to a blow to the eye wasn't a black eye at all, Davis said. The discoloration was the result of her eyes being removed.

"His [Bridgens'] knowledge of post mortem gravitational oozing of blood into traumatized tissues is nil," Davis wrote.

Bridgens had based his conclusion that Debbie had been strangled on the hemorrhages in her larynx and esophagus. Davis called Bridgens' description "exaggerated."

Davis shipped to the prosecutors a copy of his recently published study that included 12 cases in which similar injuries were found to be the result of life-saving techniques. The bruising itself wasn't enough to cause death.

Bridgens, wrote Davis, "lacks credibility. Such non-credible opinion is what directed the early and subsequent police investigation away from proper channels and toward a false conclusion."

He concluded that Debbie had suffocated when her head was caught between the bed and the night stand, a position she could have slipped into and remained in because of a seizure.

No murder, says Davis.

On Nov. 18, a Jackson County Circuit Court judge dismissed the murder charge against Douglas Jenness.

That doesn't dismiss the suspicion. "Considering all the facts and circumstances that I was aware of," says O'Connor, who is now in private practice, "I still had the gut feeling that he killed her. But I knew we couldn't prove it."

Lee's Summit police would have preferred that their case be put before a jury. Jenness has similar sentiments but different reasons. "To be quite honest, I feel cheated I didn't go to trial, I've got a story to tell," he says during an interview in his lawyer's office.

He still is estranged from his former in-laws, from the grandparents of his children. He sought psychiatric help until he decided that his problems weren't of his own making. He and his children, along with his fiancée Debbie and her two children, have sought family counseling now that the charges have been dropped.

"It's like you've been hit in the face every day for two years. Now that it has stopped, you're grateful. But that doesn't mean it has stopped hurting."

Doug was raised in Lee's Summit, and he doesn't intend to leave. While people he hadn't heard from in years have lent their support, he still sees signs of distrust. He says he was going through the checkout line in a store recently when the cashier called another employee over to stand by her. After leaving the store, he turned back and saw the woman pointing. He thinks they were pointing at him.

"I don't know if that's paranoia, but sometimes you feel like everybody's pointing at you."

"I've been told, 'There's nothing you can do that will change how I feel about you.'"

Bill Norton is a member of the staff.



## Exhibit I

*State of Missouri*  
*Johnson County Sheriff's Office*



*Scott W. Munsterman*  
*Sheriff*

To: Derrick Loris NBC Universal Peacock Productions  
From: Lt. Andy Gobber  
Reference: Patty Prewitt/evidence

Derrick, the following is a list of evidence items that I have located which are in no particular order:

Shell fragments from brain tissue  
Soil samples from near pond x 2  
Mud Samples, package says item 4E  
Razor blade package, Schick razor blade package & nine loose razors, package says Item #2D  
Pair of scissors marked Mat.P, package says Item #4D  
.22 shell casing from love seat in master bedroom, package says Item #22  
Flowered print pajama top of Patricia Prewitt, package says Item #18  
White clothes line cord, package says Item #17  
Plaster cast of footwear impression, package says Item #2E  
Pillow & Pillow Case from under victim's head, package says Item #3  
Mattress cover sheet from master bedroom bed, package says Item #4  
17 books from left side of Master bedroom bed on night stand, package says Item #10  
1 pair of men's underwear, package says Item #2  
Crime Scene photographs  
Blue Plaid shirt, 2 sweat socks, white T-shirt, blue jeans, billfold & money, package says Item #1  
Pajama bottoms of Patricia Prewitt, package says Item #19  
Modern American Life Insurance Police, package says Item #15  
Telephone and Cord, package says Item #9  
.22 long rifle rounds from jewelry box, box of 26 .22 long rifle rounds from chest, package says Item #8  
Wal-Mart shopping bag-possible blood stain circled in ink, package says item 5E  
Misc. items found at crime scene  
Wood screw, wood sliver, package says Item #14

Bullet fragments from brain & skull, bullet fragments from brain tissue, package says Item #21  
Neutron Activation Analysis Kit, package says Item #23  
Cassette tape interview with Patricia Prewitt, package says Item #24  
Cut & pulled victim hair samples, package says Item #20  
Video cassette of crime scene, package says Item #1D  
Cassette tape interview with Patricia Prewitt, package says Item #1C  
Red metal bar, package says Item #12  
Flower print top shirt, package says Item #6  
Telephone & cord downstairs hallway, package says Item #13  
Pillow case from left side of master bedroom bed, package says Item #5  
White curtain w/blood splatters, package says Item #7  
Brown envelope containing extra Prewitt photos  
Dirty brown towel, package says Item #6D  
St. Regis stainless knife with wooden handle, package says Item # 1B  
Paring knife, package says Item #3D  
Veri Veri Sharp serrated knife, package says Item #16  
Plaster cast of partial shoe impression from bottom of pond about 200 yards south of residence, package says Item #3E

Lt. Andy Gobber  
Johnson County Sheriff's Office  
278 SW 871  
Centerview, MO 64019  
Phone 660-747-6469 Fax 816-732-6382  
[www.jocomosheriff.org](http://www.jocomosheriff.org)